

## Home Reading.

## Autumn.

Now dark and dry is piled the wheat,  
The wine-press feels no stained feet,  
The white moon shrinks her sickle clear  
And voices of the air repeat,  
"It is the evening of the year."

Why have I missed, while men have found?  
Men smile that corn and wine abound,  
And children eat the ripened ear;  
I gaze at them from barren ground;  
It is the evening of the year.

O love! it seems but yesterday,  
A child in fresh green fields I lay,  
And dream of thee where skies were clear;  
But withered leaves bestrew my way:  
It is the evening of the year.

O face that I have never seen!  
Somewhere on earth, with saddened mien  
Thou waitest full of sober cheer;  
Come! where the reaper's foot hath been,  
It is the evening of the year.

Come to me, O my love, my fate,  
Be all be cold and desolate!  
Come! I have sought thee far and near;  
Come! I wait wither while I wait;  
It is the evening of the year.

## A Touching Sketch of a Brave Soldier.

HOW "LITTLE POTTER" CONVINCED HIS COMRADES THAT HE WAS NO SKULKER.—WHY HE LOST SIX MONTHS' PAY.

A short, little, square-built, dark-skinned, twinkling-eyed young fellow was known the regiment over as "Little Potter." The name came from his trade before war times, and from the fact that he was always talking shop and examining clays with the enthusiasm of a geologist. He had the faculty of becoming interested in anything that any other man was doing. Standing near the picket line, though uncomfortable himself, he could always suggest a way in which to make the coffee boil, and would gather up splinters and chips, and pile under or about the little kettle with the keenest enjoyment, although the coffee belonged to the most taciturn man in the company. He showed this kindly interest in every man's affairs, and of course, was universally liked. At Shiloh, in the midst of the second day's battle, Little Potter left the company to get water for himself and several companions. A quick change of position, a new line of battle formation, took place after his departure, and Little Potter was seen no more for several days. After the Confederates had retreated he was discovered acting as nurse at the brigade hospital. He couldn't find the regiment on his return, but found the hospital, and the Division Surgeon ordered him on duty, and, discovering his excellence as a nurse, would not let him return to the company. There was a quarrel between the Captain and the Surgeon, the former seeing Little Potter as a skulker, and the latter seeing him as a useful man who had made a mistake through no fault of his own. The Captain reported Potter absent without leave, and he was court-martialed. The sentence was that he should forfeit six months' pay. The men of the company were indignant, but Potter said nothing. The stoppage of six months' pay told sorely on him, but he weathered the storm and came out as serene as though he had never been court-martialed.

Much clothing was lost at Shiloh, and a list was made out of clothing lost in battle. The sergeant would ask: "Well, Blame, what did you lose at Shiloh?" Answer: "An overcoat and knapsack." "What did you lose at Shiloh, Potter?" With indescribable gallantry, Potter said, with a sort of lip that was characteristic of his own, "I lost the twenty-eight dollar hat." This was the only reference he made to the court-martial and six months' pay until the morning of the terrible December 31, at Stone River. In the hurry of the company formation for battle Little Potter was the first man in place after the orderly, and, though the thickest man in the company, he held his place there in face of the rule to the contrary. There was a sweeping charge. That company left their dead further to the front than any other regiment in action that day. They were cruelly crushed, relentlessly driven. Little Potter was a giant in doing. He kept his place next to the orderly when the company was broken and scattered. With a precision that would under other circumstances have been droll, he formed on the orderly whenever a charge was made, and while it was every man for himself. As he was running home a load a ball struck him in the fleshy part of the leg, cutting a great gash and tearing his clothes. He was advised to go to the rear. The reply was, "I will show them who is a coward." A shot struck him in the shoulder, and he became deadly pale. Still, with teeth and right hand, he managed to load his gun and fire. Another shot struck him in the thigh, and he fell.

He was dragged to a stump and placed so that the raking fire would not touch him. He deliberately crawled round and placed himself so as to face the enemy, and as the enemy gave back in one of those almost hand-to-hand fights, Little Potter kissed his hand to the man nearest him and nestled down with a sigh of relief.

Days afterward the sergeant found a pair of bright eyes glittering from festoons of white sheets in a hospital at Murfreesboro. They belonged to Little Potter, broken-legged, broken-armed, and bandaged. He could not move and could hardly speak. But as the fearful men bent over him, he lisped: "We waked them, didn't we?" The Confederates found him, braced against the stump punching at them with his gun held in one hand as they ran by. He was taken to the hospital, and here, day after day, did his old comrades to see him. They did more, they wrote to Gen. Rosecrans, telling the simple story. They carried the letter along the red tape line, from brigade headquarters to division, from division to corps, from corps to army headquarters, and returned with an order from Rosecrans himself, directing that the six months' pay be restored to Little Potter, that all charges on the record be erased, and that an order complimenting his gallantry be read on dress parade, and that a copy be sent to the man who had behaved so nobly. The order was read on dress parade, and the document, with all its array of endorsements, and Old Rosa's letter, was carried to Little Potter by men who could scarcely speak. He seemed like one transfused, as one of his old-time friends read and read the order and letter. He had it held down to his eyes, so he could see the red lines and official signatures. Then came his first tears. Now, boys, I don't care to get well. It's all wiped out, ain't it? I was deter-

mined to get well to wipe it out, you know. But now, turn up as I am, it's better to die. And the next morning, with the order and Old Rosa's letter on his breast, Little Potter died. And still can we hear the grizzly old surgeon's words, as he came to the cot, "Dead? Why—fod bless the boy!"

## About Telegraph Operators.

"I suppose," said the reporter, "you operators must have some funny experiences."  
"Yes, there are some droll things every once in a while, but we get so used to them that we don't mind anything about them. I suppose you have heard that story about the countryman who saw an operator working an old Morse paper instrument, and called his girl up to see 'this fellow make paper collars.'"

"How do you manage to keep your ear on one instrument when there are twenty or thirty going in the same room?"  
"There is no difficulty in that," was the reply. "It is as easy as it is for you to keep the run of a friend's conversation when there are other persons talking in the room."

"But no two voices are alike," hinted the reporter dubiously.  
"No two instruments sound alike to an operator, and there is no more difficulty in distinguishing the click of your instrument in a roomful, than in distinguishing the familiar tones of a brother's voice."

"Can you tell who is sending at the other end?"  
"We can easily detect a friendly hand, although I don't know as I could make you understand how."

"Do you hear anything that goes over the wires?"  
"We could if we cared to, but that gets to be a very old story. We only listen for our call, which is repeated till we answer, and then the message is sent."

"I suppose you have had some sad experiences when you receive messages of death or sickness?"  
"Well, hardly. If we were affected by such things, we should be in a perpetual state of grief. You don't notice them at all. Why, once I received a message addressed to me, saying that I had become a father, but I had become so used to such things—I mean to receiving such messages—that I never noticed to whom it was addressed, and sent it down to the counting room with a bundle of other dispatches I had received at the same time."

"Speaking of curious experiences," chimed in another operator who had been listening to the conversation—"speaking of curious experiences, I remember when I was working nights at a little station on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road. About 1 o'clock, one cold, sleety morning the circuit was broken off for a little while, and then I heard the word H-e-l-p come over the line several times. I was repeated at intervals for some minutes. I was decidedly frightened, but nothing could be done till daylight. After the break had been located, men were sent along the line to repair the wire, and as soon as the instrument began to work we received word that Charley Adams, the day operator, had been found dead with both his legs cut off. We were afterwards learned that Charley had been to a dance in a neighboring town, and had fallen, unseen, from the freight train as it crossed the bridge, and had been run over. With his little remaining strength he had crawled to the edge of the bridge and broken the wire. He had telegraphed the word 'help' by touching the ends of the wire together."—Boston Globe.

**Leon Abbott and Abraham Lincoln.**  
The Newark Daily Advertiser says that "on the night of the 16th of April, 1865, two days after Abraham Lincoln was shot down by the assassin Booth, a meeting of the Union League of Hoboken was held, in the course of which a member of the League asserted, and declared his ability to prove, that when the news of Mr. Lincoln's assassination was communicated to Leon Abbott on Washington Street in that city, he exclaimed, 'I'm glad he's shot, he ought to have been shot long ago.' The League immediately appointed a committee of fifty to await upon Mr. Abbott at his residence in Hudson Street, and requested him to remove from a city that he grossly disgraced and outraged. J. Harvey Lyons, a lawyer and a member of the League, opposed this action and counselled moderation, and the action of the League was finally reconsidered, but the incident revives recollections of the hate entertained by Mr. Abbott for a loyal President."

The following story of the veteran writer, John Timbs, is interesting: While sub-editor of the Illustrated London News, he sent a cut of a hop-field to a contributor, and asked him to go down to Maidstone, visit the hop-gardens, take a note of all he might see and hear, and describe the scene as faithfully and accurately as he could. The conscientious writer went and spent a day and night among the "savoury" hop-pickers. Next day he took his "copy" to his office. The venerable Mr. Timbs adjusted his spectacles and began to read. Before he had got through the third slip he burst out with, "What's this, Mr. Smith? Do you really think we would put this in the News—oaths, intemperance, impiety, debauchery, licentiousness—why, sir, what were you thinking about? This will never do!" "No, I thought not," replied the writer; "but you told me to describe exactly what I saw and heard."  
"Yes, yes; but really, you know, this is too gross, too gross." Perhaps this will do better," calmly remarked Mr. Smith, as he handed another MS. to Mr. Timbs. "Read it, sir, read it," said the sub-editor. Mr. Smith read aloud, and his listening chief was charmed—such well-turned phrases, such happy conceits, such poetic descriptions! "That is better, Mr. Smith—much; just what I wanted!" "Ah," said Smith, quietly, "I thought you would like that; it's what I wrote before I went down to Maidstone."

ONE night, Sandy told her that he "liked" her. "Awful!" she responded. "ditto." Sandy was not very sure what that meant, so the next day, while at work, he said: "Father, can you tell me what ditto is?" "Oo; ay, Sandy," replied the father, "dae ye see that cabbage?" "Yes," said Sandy, "that cabbage?" "Yes, that's just the same!" "Yes," said Sandy, "that's ditto." "Gracious goodness!" exclaimed Sandy, "did she call me a cabbage-head? I'll na' wed her."

KEEP trouble at arm's length. Never turn a blessing around to see whether it has a dark side to it.

## That's Me.

He drove a policeman into a doorway on Woodbridge Street, Sunday evening, and began:  
"About two hours ago a cadaverous woodenhead might have been seen gawping at the river from the foot of Randolph Street. He didn't know enough to chew gum. That was me."

"You, eh? Well?"  
"Well, he gawped and gawped, and he knew he had \$20 in his pocket, and he chuckled, and tickled, and said he had come to town to look around and see things, and go home and be a lion. That was me again."

"I see."  
"He just fairly ached to have a bunko man come up and slap him on the back and call him Josephus Basswood, and ask how pa and ma and the children all got along. He heaved to have a three-card monte man tickle him under the chin and call him a red fox from Ionia County, and open up his little game. His bones all screamed out for the man with the bogus gold pieces, and he drew down his left eye as he thought how they'd take him for a haystack and get sold. He was an infernal idiot. That's me!"

"Yes."  
"Well, as he was standing there and feeling how sharp and 'cute and cunning he was, up comes a man who was breathing hard and looking scared, and says to me in a whisper: 'You look like a friend to the unfortunate. I can trust you. I have wounded a man who insulted my wife, and I must skip to Canada to escape arrest. I have no money, but here is a hundred dollar bond. Lend me twenty dollars and keep the bond until I see you.' That is what he said. The double-jointed idiot from the country took it all in like a boy gulping down sulphur and lasses. That's me some more."

"I'm listening."  
"The greenhorn was flattered and tickled. He saw a chance to make \$20 on that bond. The bomb-proof, back-acted, copper-riveted, agricultural, peach-blossom figured as how he'd cash that bond to-morrow and skip and as how the man in haste to reach Canada would never find him, and as how they'd \$100 would buy a yoke of oxen; and so he passed over his greenbacks and pocketed the bond. Yes, the bald-headed, cross-eyed, bow-legged turnip-patch did that very thing. That's me to a dot!"

"Is it possible?"  
"And here's the bond—worthless! And here I am—strapped! And somewhere up town is the sharper—tickled half to death at the way he played me! Say?"

"Yes."  
"Hunt up a born fool, catch a crank, scare up a dude, bring in an old man with a third wife, and boil 'em all down and bag up the bones and call the thing Josephus Basswood. That's me!"

And he walked off to find the plank road running west, waving the bogus bond with one hand and helping to kick himself with the other. Half a block away, he halted and looked back, and seeing the officer still there he gave himself three kicks and shouted out in a lonesome voice:

"Don't you forget it—that's me!"—Detroit Free Press.

**Outwitting the Old Man.**  
A nice young man got into a tramway carriage, and saw to his delight the only vacant seat was by the side of a young acquaintance. He made for the seat with joyous strides, and her eyes answered his delighted looks. But just as he got there an elderly party walked up the aisle and dropped into the coveted seat. The young man approached more slowly, and accosted the young lady:

"How is your brother?" he asked; "is he able to get out?"

"Oh, yes," she answered.  
"Will he be very badly marked?" he continued, and the old gentleman grew suddenly interested.

"Oh, no," said the fair deceiver; "with the exception of a few small marks on his forehead, you will never know he had ever had it."

"Were you not afraid of taking it?" the young man went on, while the old man broke out in cold perspiration.

"Not at all," she replied; "I had been vaccinated, you know."

The seat was vacated instantly, the two young hearts beat as half a dozen, and the prattle of "nice talk" strewed that part of the carriage, while a gray haired old man scowled upon them from the farther corner.

## Patent Widows.

WOULD SOME GENTLEMAN FURNISH CAPITAL to introduce Patent for widow lady or would dispose of the same for Cash or Furniture. To The Bloomfield Citizen:

The above, taken from the N. Y. Herald of Sept. 25th, 1883, calls up a few thoughts. I have not the courage to answer it direct, but would ask THE CITIZEN through its columns to make a few inquiries for me. Are widow ladies patentable? Has the patent been granted, and on what grounds? Does it date back so as to claim a royalty on all widows? Is it a scheme to manufacture them without the usual preliminary formula of marriage? Does it prohibit any becoming widows in the time honored way? How much "cash or furniture" would be required to buy the widow? Would she be sold on the installment plan? Will the gentleman who "introduces" the patent be expected to also introduce the widows? I have a little spare capital and don't mind risking it if I can get satisfactory answers to the above questions. There is a fair demand for healthy, attractive widows just now, and if the patent will only hold, there's millions in it.

J. A. P.

**Line Kill Club Philosophy.**  
(From The Detroit Free Press.)

De sezun has now arrove for pullin' old hats and pillers oute de broken winders, an' I sezze de occasion to ax you to remember:

Dat a front gate off its hinges means a slip shod man in de house.

Dat a red nose means a hungry flour barrel.

Dat no man eber got work sittin' on de fence an' discussin' de needs of de kentry.

Dat de less pollyticks a man has de mo' cash he kin pay his grocer.

Dat arguments on religion won't build churches nor pay de preachers.

Dat a family which neber borrows nor lends keeps nayburs de longest.

Dat beauty will starve in de parlor whar' common sense will grow fat in de kitchen.

Dat de world am full o' nice holes, an' all de cats need am to watch an' wait.

Det economy don' mean buyin' kaliker fur yer wife an' broadcloth fur yerself.

Dat progress don' mean, fittin' ole do-shahs to new buildin's.

Dat liberty doan' gin you de right to eat another man's chickens.

Dat success achieved by rascality am a fish net made o' yarn.

A WOMAN wrote to the editor to discontinue her paper, as she noticed it was sent through the post office as second class matter, and she supposed she had subscribed for a first class paper.

## BUSINESS NOTICES.

SINCE the fire of last winter which consumed the hotel and adjoining buildings, Mr. Wm. J. Madison, butcher, has occupied a part of the store of Mr. W. Corby on Glenwood Avenue. Mr. Corby has now given up the business, and Mr. Madison occupies the whole store, calling it the "Glenwood Avenue Market." Our friends are pleased to be told that after *seven years' experience* in the business have given Mr. Madison a thorough understanding of how to select good meat and vegetables.

## TIME TABLES.

Carefully corrected up to date.

DEL. LACK & WESTERN RAILROAD.  
Barclay and Christopher Street Ferries.

## TO NEW YORK.

Leave Montclair—6:58, 7:15, 7:35, 8:47, 9:52, 11:00 a.m.  
12:50, 1:40, 3:40, 5:40, 6:10, 6:57, 8:15, 9:40, 11:05, 12:55 p.m.

Leave Bloomfield—6:58, 7:15, 7:35, 8:47, 9:52, 11:00 a.m.  
1:40, 1:55, 3:57, 5:17, 6:38, 7:26, 8:57, 10:08, 11:25, 12:51 p.m.

Arrive Newark—6:23, 7:30, 8:10, 9:03, 10:08, 11:18 a.m.  
1:58, 1:58, 3:57, 5:17, 6:38, 7:26, 8:57, 10:08, 11:25, 12:51 p.m.

Arrive New York—6:30, 8:00, 8:40, 9:30, 10:40, 11:50 a.m.  
1:40, 2:30, 4:30, 5:50, 7:10, 7:50, 9:10, 10:40, 11:55 p.m.

## FROM NEW YORK.

Leave New York—6:30, 7:20, 8:30, 9:40, 10:40 a.m.  
12:40, 2:10, 3:40, 4:40, 5:50, 6:20, 7:10, 8:30, 10:00, 11:00 p.m.

Leave Newark—6:40, 7:22, 8:10, 9:00, 10:12, 11:18 a.m.  
1:13, 2:44, 4:13, 5:13, 6:03, 6:33, 7:43, 9:03, 10:38, 11:38 p.m.

Arrive Bloomfield—6:51, 7:33, 8:21, 9:17, 10:24, 11:24 a.m.  
1:24, 2:55, 4:24, 5:24, 6:14, 7:35, 8:50, 9:14 p.m.

NEW YORK AND GREENWOOD LAKE R.R.  
Chambers and 54th Street Ferries, New York.

## TO NEW YORK.

Leave Upper Montclair—6:28, 6:57, 7:48, 8:48, 10:47 a.m.  
1:28, 4:45, 5:45, 6:50, 7:58 p.m.

Leave Montclair—6:28, 7:48, 7:55, 8:35, 10:52 a.m.  
1:24, 4:50, 5:25, 6:55, 10:03 p.m.

Leave Bloomfield—6:38, 7:56, 7:56, 8:57, 10:56 a.m.  
1:40, 4:50, 5:30, 6:58, 10:08 p.m.

Arrive New York—6:25, 7:50, 8:40, 9:40, 11:40 a.m.  
1:40, 4:50, 5:30, 6:58, 10:08 p.m.

Also a Saturday train from New York at 12 m., for the accommodation of theatre-goers, arriving at Montclair at 12:32 a.m.

Sunday trains from New York at 8:45 a.m. and 8:00 p.m.

## LEGAL NOTICE.

ESSEX COUNTY CIRCUIT COURT.—Between Mary A. Giff, Compt. and Bridge Broderick et al., Debtors.—One Bill, etc.

Tapping to the court that Thomas Broderick, the mortgagee in the bill of complaint in this case, named, and that Hannah Cusick, at George Saunders are the only persons related to said Thomas Broderick of whom the complainant has been able to get any information, and that his other heirs or devisees, if any he have, are wholly unknown.

It is on this sixteenth day of June, eighteen hundred and eighty-three, on motion of Coult and Howell, of counsel with the complainant, ordered, that the complainant of all that certain tract of land of which said Thomas Broderick, late of the Township of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex, and State of New Jersey, died seized, estate lying and being on the west side of Walnut Street in the said Township of Bloomfield, bounded on the north by land of William Broderick, on the east by Walnut Street on the south by lands of Michael Owens, and on the west by lands of Frank Moran, do appear and demand to the court the complainant's bill on or before the seventeenth day of December next, or that, in default thereof, such decree be made against them as the court shall think equitable and just.

It is further ordered that this order shall within five days hereafter be published in The Bloomfield Citizen, a newspaper printed at Bloomfield in this State, and continued therein at least one week to within ten days of the expiration of the time herein limited for pleading, answering or demurring; and that within the same time a copy thereof be sent by mail with the postage prepaid to the said Hannah Cusick and George Saunders, directed to their post office address, if the same can be ascertained.

DAVID A. DEPUCE, Judge.

**ZACHARIAS & SMITH,**  
Oraton Hall, Newark, N. J.,  
AGENTS FOR THE

**Columbia Bicycles & Tricycles.**

The American Star, American Sans-pareil, American Club, Harvard, and Shadow Bicycles, and Victor Tricycle.

COMPLETE REPAIR SHOP FOR BICYCLE REPAIRING.

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JUST BY HAVING GOOD

BLANKETS, LAP ROBES.

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Also good hand-made Harness.

TRUNKS, BRUSHES, CURRY COMBS, SPONGES, CHAMOIS.

And all kinds of Horse Equipments on hand or to order.

N.B.—Trunks and Harness repaired neatly at short notice by

**JAS. H. WAY,**  
Bloomfield Ave., Bloomfield, N. J.

Bloomfield and Montclair

**KINDLING WOOD FACTORY**

—AND—

**SAW MILL**

has just been opened by C. F. FRITZ, on the premises known as the Woodbridge Foundry, near Ridgewood Ave., where there will be found constantly on hand, Kindling Wood, also Cord Wood, sawed or unsawed.

CLOTHES AND HITCHING POSTS.

Re-sawing for Carpenters a Specialty.

Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

**C. F. FRITZ, Bloomfield, N. J. TELEPHONE No. 101.**

For Sale Low.—Bloomfield, N. J.

**POTTER HOUSE, Etc.,**  
ON BAY AVENUE.

Modern House, 10 Rooms, Furnace, Range, Hot and Cold (Spring) Water, Gas, Burglar Alarm, Etc. House and Barn in complete order. Garden with Choice Fruit and Vegetables. Possession immediately. Apply to HORACE PIERSON or to D. OSBORN, 619 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

**THE POPULAR SILK HOUSE.**

**McKIRGAN BROS. & LUKE,**  
755 BROAD ST., NEWARK, N. J.

The ladies of Bloomfield will find it to their advantage to examine our stock of FALL IMPORTATIONS of

**Dress Silks, Dress Velvets, Dress Plushes, and Velveteens.**

Our stock of Paris Novelties comprises all the latest Fabrics in Wool, and Silk and Wool Mixtures.

Our Mourning Department is thoroughly furnished with all the choice Black Goods the market affords.

Fancy Goods, Notions, etc., in great variety.

Cloaks, Shawls, Ladies', Gent's, and Children's Underwear, and Infants' Wear.

Blankets, Comfortables, Counterpanes, and full lines of Linens, Towellings, Cotton Goods, etc., etc.,

AT NEW YORK PRICES.

**McKIRGAN Bros. & Luke,**  
755 BROAD ST., NEWARK, N. J.

—TO—

**Owners of Horses.**

PLEASE READ AND PRESERVE.

Your attention is respectfully solicited to the facilities we are able to offer in all cases coming under our care and attention. The senior partner of our firm, with fifty years' practical experience in the

**SHOEING OF HORSES**

and Treatment of the different Diseases of Feet and Limbs, still continues to give his special attention to all cases of lameness, and feels confident that, where the trouble is amenable to treatment, he can effect a cure.

The Shoeing Department is complete in every respect, and special attention given by competent hands toward improving the gait of the horse.

Given the completion of our new workshops gives us facilities unsurpassed for the execution of all orders in the way of Building or Repairing of your Rolling Stock.

Please call at your convenience and examine our facilities and references.

**C. L. WARD & SON.**  
Bloomfield Ave., Bloomfield, N. J.

**Glenwood Ave. Market,**  
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

**WM. J. MADISON, Proprietor.**

Mr. E. B. Corby having given up the Butcher business, I invite his former customers to give me a call. I sell the BEST QUALITY OF

**FRESH, CORNED, AND SMOKED MEATS.**

ALSO

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Of all kinds in their season.

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Inventors and Manufacturers of